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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THAT YEAR

ANODYNE

The days wear thin with longing—
There is a warmth in emptiness.
My palms have pressed so long
Against the fragile surface
Of these lonely hours—
Almost I touch your fingers,
Almost
I hear your voice.
I stand in the shadow of your absence
Looking through windows of sunlight:
Soon—soon you will be fashioned
Out of my longing,
You will live from the breath
Of my desire.

LITTLE THINGS

Little things I'll give to you—
Till your fingers learn to press
Gently
On a loveliness;

Little things and new—
Till your fingers learn to hold

Marion Strobel

Love that's fragile,
Love that's old.

I GIVE SMILES

You are the reaching out in me,
The supplication of my folded hands.
You are the breaking radiance of my hope—
My high desire.

I will give you a gay futility of smiles,
For I cannot fill the vastnesses
With which you stretch my life
To emptiness.

WITHOUT WORDS

The silence thins out—falls away
Before a vivid stillness
That we press
Nearer with words.
We say our usual ritual—close the day
With laughter, while the stillness spreads
A halo round our nodding heads.
Again we praise the little past, praise what is done;
Cling to the days we've lost,
And lose the hour we've won.